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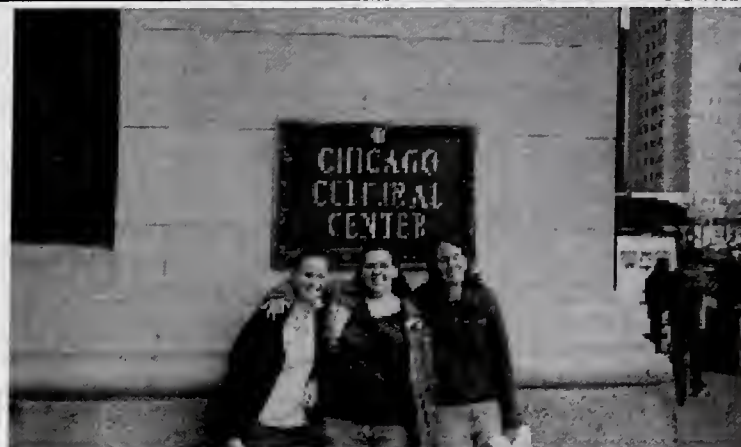
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Left: a past Foreign Language Club trip to Paris, France. Right: a photo from the current FLC's trip to Chicago, Illinois. Left photo courtesy of [www.saintjoe.edu](http://www.saintjoe.edu); right photo courtesy of Danny Waclaw.

# The Steady Decline of the Foreign Languages

By Katherine Stembel, Staff Writer

Saint Joseph's College's foreign language program is dying. Spanish, French, German, and Swahili are vanishing into just another dusty volume of SJC's history. Why, when there is such a huge demand for bilingual graduates, is the program ignored?

In America's increasingly diverse society, Hispanics are the major growing foreign culture. In 2000, there were more than 35 million Latinos living in America and the Census Bureau estimated 1.3 million more Spanish-speaking immigrants per year.

However, at SJC, the pursuit of Spanish, and particularly French, German, and Swahili, is deteriorating.

SJC's Latin program has already fallen to its death. According to Fall 2004 enrollment statistics, the German program is tottering on the edge of the cliff with three students. In 1990, seventeen students were enrolled in the French program. In 2005, the course has dwindled down to four students. And while Spanish boasts a superior but still weak 20-year average of twenty-nine students, the Swahili program has barely gotten off of the ground with just one student.

Alan McFarland, in his fourth year as a part-time French professor and first year Swahili professor, debates that although Spanish is becoming ever more important to the United States, "German and French are the poor relatives of Spanish." He attributes

the decline in all three to lack of student time.

"Students are just overloaded and unless you took a foreign language in high school, there is very little incentive to begin in college," he states.

Jean Monfort affirms with regret, "Americans learn Spanish because of the large immigrant population [but other] Romance languages are being ignored." She believes familiarity with Romance languages allows for research purposes such as the reading of foreign manuscripts in their original language, as well as immense help when traveling.

"We are a multicultural society," McFarland stresses. "There should be more emphasis on languages because we do business with the outside world, and that means Europe. With multi-national companies such as Boeing and Bridgestone, you'll never be out of a job. It is important to know other cultures, which vary, and it behooves us to understand other cultures' religion, philosophy, art, music, history, and literature."

Finishing his second year as Director of Career Development, Adam Malson helps bring fairs of potential employers to Saint Joseph's College, and in his experience, "recruiters will choose bilingual students over students who don't have foreign language skills." He states, "An employer will hire college graduates to work with people in a diversity of cultures, either as clients or

business partners. There is no question that foreign language skills make students more marketable."

Wanda Miller, Director of Human Resources and Chief Quality Officer for ICON Transportation Company, Inc. located in Remington, believes "the data speaks for itself." "In order to work in a global economy," she says, "it will be imminent that U.S. companies have the resources to communicate within that marketplace. While many foreign countries teach English as a second language, we [the U.S.] need to recognize the advantage that this presents and provide that same advantage. Our arrogance with using English as the predominant language will soon catch up with us and limit our ability to compete."

Out of four language professors, only one, Aristides Gamez, is a full-time professor. Of the four languages offered, two teachers, Gamez and Claudia Sadowski, are allotted to the Spanish program while McFarland balances both French and Swahili on a part-time schedule, and Father Dominic Gerlach supports a tiny German program.

Until 1969, Saint Joseph's College included a foreign language requirement. This was removed when the Core program was established and the foreign languages became electives.

Robert Garrity, a Professor of English, says "The Latin and Greek requirement for seminarians

was dropped when the *Novus Ordo* quit using it in theology teaching to seminarians. I tried to keep Latin alive in the hope that the bishops would return us to our roots," he says with frustration. "But so far to no avail."

McFarland believes the Foreign Language Club is one answer to the rising problem of dwindling students, and would like to see other professors offer their own expertise as guest speakers at the club's events.

Danny Waclaw, who helped found the Foreign Language Club in 2003, believes the fault for the dwindling interest in language courses lies in the practical mind-set of the Hoosier citizens. He says many students "see [foreign language study] as extra and not as essential as it is," and that when confronted with the idea of becoming bilingual, it is "stubborn ignorance to ignore different cultures because they don't directly relate to you." With just six more credits required to complete his French minor, which will be fulfilled abroad, Waclaw realizes "in this age of communication, it is important to have as few barriers as possible."

Steadily declining student interest, time restraints, as well as few recruitment tactics have left the program, heavily valued by many employers, disregarded.

Saint Joseph's College's foreign language program is dying. What will you do to save it?



SEVENTEEN DAYS FILLED WITH “LAST”S

By Becky Scherer, Editor in Chief

Well, after four years, it's time to say goodbye. Goodbye to the spray from the Reflecting Pond, goodbye to the random items hung from the Noll tree, goodbye to the flower garden between Schweiterman and McHale. Suddenly, there is a limit placed on how many more times I can smile at the sight of apartment dwellers playing Bags on the sidewalk or the Merlini boys hanging out on their couches in front of the building. Suddenly, there are no more Core lectures, housing applications, or issues of "The Observer." As an aspiring writer, I cannot tell you all how frustrating it is that I am unable

to put into words my love and appreciation of SJC and of each and every one of you. But, for the record, know that your friendships will never be forgotten, although their sentiments cannot be expressed. We've only got seventeen days left to enjoy this place, seniors. Soak it up. For those of you who think you won't miss this place that we've called home for four years, that's fine. Think what you want. But look at it this way: when you were a kid and your parents grounded you for disobeying them, they told you it was "for your own good." You probably laughed in their faces,

sat in your room, and fumed while your friends were out having fun. Now, looking back on such disciplinary actions, don't you think that they *were* – even just a little – for your own good? While undesirable at the time, being taught right from wrong is necessary to the development of well-rounded people. Don't miss out on your last seventeen days as a college student because you're ready to graduate and be done with this place. You never know what you'll be thinking and feeling a few years down the road, and you just might regret the time you wasted.

Arguably, every lesson in life can be learned from a Dave Matthews song. For the other timid, nervous, and unsure seniors out there, I'll leave you with some song lyrics that I think apply to this changing time in our lives. Read them, think about them, and, in seventeen days, grasp your diploma with a firm hand. On that last drive from the College, your car packed to the brim with four years of life and memories, look back – but only for a minute. Keep your head high, walk tall, and remain humble, but remember – you are the proudest monkey.

**“Proudest Monkey,”**  
**Dave Matthews**  
**Band**

“Swing in this tree,  
bounce around so well,  
branch to branch, limb to limb,  
you see  
all in a day's dream.  
I'm stuck  
like the other monkeys here.  
I am a humble monkey,  
sitting up in here again.

But then came the day  
I climbed out of these safe limbs,  
ventured away.  
Walking tall, head high up  
and singing,  
I went to the city:  
Car horns, corners, and the gritty.  
Now I am the proudest monkey  
you've ever seen.

Then comes the day,  
staring at myself, I turn to question me.  
I wonder, do I want the simple,  
simple life  
that I once lived in well?  
Oh, things were quiet then.  
In a way, they were the better days.  
But now I am the proudest monkey  
you've ever seen.”

By Bob Jansen, Columnist

*They say that I can move the mountains / And send them crashing to the sea / They say that I can walk on water [...] / They say that love can heal the broken / They say that hope can make you see / They say that faith can find a Savior / If you would follow and believe / With Faith Like a Child  
~ “Faith Like a Child” by Jars of Clay*

In High School, I used to help my mom with Children's Liturgies. Every other Sunday, we would bring kids down to the church basement during the Liturgy of the Word and have special readings and reflection for the kids. One particular Sunday, I was in charge of the music and my mother offered the reflection after the readings. She started out by asking, "Where is Jesus?" I expected most of them to say, "Up in heaven" or "with God." These kids were probably between 5 and 8 years old. My mom called on a little boy in kindergarten who pointed to his chest and answered, "He's in my heart."

Seven years later, I can still hear that child's voice in my mind. What a remarkable response! He did not wonder metaphysically how Jesus could exist inside him. He did not allow

the evils of the world to try and convince him that an all-loving God cannot exist. He probably did not even respond with the answers taught by his teachers. He simply knew that Jesus was in his heart.

For a long time, I thought Jesus's recommendation to have the faith like a child meant that I needed a blind acceptance of church doctrine, because children often accept ideas at face value. However, I think that Jesus is pointing to something much deeper. Twelve years of CCD and a nearly polished-off philosophy major / religion minor here at SJC have only elucidated and strengthened the astounding revelations that children seem to possess naturally. The simple idea that God loves us seems to have come from somewhere deep within me, perhaps from Jesus alive in my heart.

Throughout this entire year, I have focused on various aspects of how I try to see the spiritual life, from changing perspective and seeing God all around us to trying to deepen our faith in God and move mountains. The culmination of my beliefs about faith is this concept of child-like faith. A child sees the world as a giant adventure, not a painful and hateful place. Instead of smog and gloom, a child will see the butterfly outside her window. She recognizes the beauty of God's creation. A child will see a new person as a potential friend, not someone who could potentially hurt her. I remember visiting my sister in the city when I was very young and waving and talking to everyone I met. I held a view that I have long since tried to recapture: Christ is alive in everyone.

I do admit that I am putting forth an archetype in which no one person completely fits. But my point is this: if this life is our gift from God and our opportunity to respond to God's call, we've got to do it with the right outlook. We can't just say that we have a deep faith; we have to work at deepening our faith. We can't just say that we see God; we have to really see God everywhere we go.

As the summer approaches and new life is springing forth seemingly everywhere we go, let's take the opportunity to remember what it was like to be a child. Ride on a merry-go-round. Go on a picnic. Then refreshed with that attitude, reconstruct your view of the world and of faith. Jesus really is in the hearts of all people; let's go out and find him.

FEATURED PHILOSOPHICAL FARCE

By Matt LeClaire, Columnist

Sidewalks, Benches, Tambourine

Sorry to get your hopes up, but there will be no tambourine in this article. There will also be zero instances of sex, drugs, or rock and roll, but for different reasons than the lack of tambourine.

People often give me advice of what to write about. Recently, two brilliant subjects have come up: the new sidewalk near Seifert and the new benches outside the Core Building. I don't know the reasoning behind these suggestions, except that perhaps students here have nothing better to do than marvel at the high-rise sidewalks and the polished benches adorning the

morning commute to class. I would hope that people could come up with more original suggestions, things like why seagulls don't fly over the bay or the necessity of oxygen and Spam. Unfortunately, I get suggestions to write about cement slabs and molded metal. Well, sorry to disappoint twice in one article, but besides my article lacking a tambourine it will also be sans benches and sidewalks.

Another problem is the title of my weekly inanities. My articles are neither philosophical nor farcical. In all my articles, I lack anything close to logic or a sound argument to back up my claims, thus eradicating all chances of

philosophy being done; and my arguments are one-hundred percent guaranteed to be true at all times. If you don't believe me, just look through the archives; you'll find that everything is in order and could not possibly be doubted. A more proper article title would be: "Truth and More Truth," "Strange Veridical Musings," "Women Love Matt," and, of course, "I Rock." Hopefully, my editor will catch on and change the title next year, if I am not fired first for falling short of my title's implications. Until then, keep reading and try not to think whilst reading my article. It helps; trust me.

Won an award?  
Aced a project?  
Accepted an  
internship?

If you have an accomplishment that you'd like to share with your hometown newspaper, fill out a "Student Achievement Form" so the Office of Publications and Media Relations can issue a news release about you! News can also be submitted to Director Bree Ma'Aytech by e-mailing [breaia@saintjoe.edu](mailto:breaia@saintjoe.edu) or calling extension 6177. Forms can also be faxed to her at 866-6354.

To access the form online, visit the "Current Students" OR "News" link on the SJC Web site and click on "Student Achievement Form."

PAWS:

...to everyone who has been a part of "The Observer" for the past year, whether it was by writing, distributing, or simply reading.



CLAWS:

...to everyone who hasn't participated in any of the Little 500 week events. Make up for it by supporting the drivers on Saturday!

Observer  
Staff

Editors in Chief

Becky Scherer  
Sandra Wood

News Editor

Becky Scherer

Opinion Editor

Becky Scherer

Features Editor

Joe Larson

Et Cetera Editor

Sandra Wood

Layout Consultant

Liz Henning

Graphic Designer

Liz Henning

Contributors

Brian Bugajski  
Michael W Campbell  
Bob Jansen  
Joe Larson  
Matt LeClaire  
Teresa Moreno  
Jenna Mullins  
Becky Scherer  
Katherine Stembel  
Danny Waclaw  
Sandra Wood

Faculty Facilitator

Dr. Charles Kerlin

Publisher

Dr. Ernest Mills, III

Questions? Comments?

[observer-editors@saintjoe.edu](mailto:observer-editors@saintjoe.edu)

To become a contributor, contact  
Becky Scherer  
[rsh4164@saintjoe.edu](mailto:rsh4164@saintjoe.edu)



## Senior Class Superlatives

*Seniors, you voted for your favorites in each category-- here are your results:*

<b>Most likely to succeed</b> Lisa Grilliot, Tom Kennedy	<b>Most carefree/ laidback</b> Abbey Conner, Elliott Zimmer
<b>Most likely to go into politics</b> Renee Pugh, Jacob Lofgren	<b>Most write-ups/ tickets</b> Michelle Ellis, Jerry Speicher
<b>Most likely to teach at SJC</b> Mary Balmes, Bryan Dixon	<b>Friendliest</b> Erin Powers, Brandon Deardorff
<b>Most likely to host a talk show</b> Rachel Winings, Adam Mandon	<b>Sweetest</b> Erin Powers, Casey Hall
<b>Most likely to be in a beauty pageant</b> Jodi Stelt, Lawrence Ballenger/Sean Walsh	<b>Class clown</b> Belinda Janowski, Elliott Zimmer
<b>Most likely to have a dorm named after them</b> Erin Gallagher, Brian Bugajski	<b>Cutest couple</b> Jill Mourey & Taylor Simonis, Merissa Kapelinski & Michelle Ellis, Sean McBride & Adam Zimmerman
<b>Most likely to be famous</b> Kristi Zurawski, Eric Peschke	<b>Did the most for SJC</b> Becky Scherer, Brian Bugajski
<b>Most likely to join a band</b> Abby Thiel, Andy Cool	<b>Best friends</b> Erin Gallagher & Rachel Kimpel, Lawrence Ballenger & Sean Walsh
<b>Most involved at SJC</b> Jen Willig, Brian Bugajski	<b>Best looking</b> Erin Gallagher, Sean Walsh
<b>Most dedicated member of Core XI</b> Crystal Chocholek, Sean Walsh	<b>Best hair</b> Rachel Kimpel, Lawrence Ballenger
<b>Most musical</b> Miranda Parker, Andy Cool	<b>Best smile</b> Kristyn Corley, John May
<b>Most athletic</b> Katherine Caruso, Taylor Treesh	<b>Best eyes</b> Chelsea Cooper, Brandon Deardorff
<b>Most school spirit</b> Kristyn Corley, Brian Bugajski	<b>Best legs</b> Tara Kensinger, Rob Warren
<b>Most changed</b> Becky Scherer, John Whelan	<b>Best posterior</b> Erin Gallagher, Taylor Treesh
<b>Most attitude</b> Crystal Chocholek, Jay Stahl	<b>Best car</b> Kristin Gandurski, Scott Smolek
<b>Most shy</b> Sarah Hurd, John Whelan	<b>Best nickname</b> Merissa Kapelinski – “Fire,” Brian Bugajski – “Bugs”
<b>Most helpful</b> Jen Willig, Mike Barry	<b>Best screen name</b> Megan Roser – “BigBootyMeg24,” Tony Sasak – “wanaBuMunkey”
<b>Most talkative</b> Kathy Garrigan, Darrell Statzer	<b>Best personality</b> Chelsea Cooper, Mike Barry
<b>Most dramatic (theatrical)</b> Cortny Woodruff, Brian Bugajski	<b>Best sense of humor</b> Chelsea Cooper, James Cochran/Rob Siegel
<b>Most popular</b> Tara Kensinger, Taylor Treesh	<b>Best body/ cutest figure</b> Jill Mourey, Rob Warren
<b>Most artistic</b> Natalie Salinas, Elliott Zimmer	<b>Best dressed</b> Lauren Howard, Scott Lahrman
<b>Most outstanding leader</b> Jen Willig, Brian Bugajski	<b>Best laugh</b> Mary Balmes, John Whelan
<b>Most studious</b> Mary Balmes, Jacob Lofgren	<b>Biggest flirt</b> Anna Aldridge, Travis French
<b>Most intelligent</b> Lisa Grilliot, Mike Barry	<b>Biggest gossip</b> Anna Aldridge, Rob Siegel
<b>Most absent from class</b> Belinda Janowski, Jordan Rassam	<b>Biggest partier</b> Sandra Wood, Eric Davidson
<b>Most unique</b> Casey Wagner, Wes Graper	<b>Biggest kiss-up</b> Lauren Howard, Eric Peschke
<b>Most independent</b> Julie Loehrke, Travis French	<b>Most creative</b> Casey Wagner, Elliott Zimmer
<b>Biggest IM sports participant</b> Bobbie Jo Hayes, Tony Braner/Tony Sasak	

***Thanks to all the seniors who took the time to vote!***

*Sponsored by the senior class officers*

## Academic Awards Ceremony Planned to Honor and Recognize SJC Students

By Becky Scherer, *Publications and Media Relations Intern*

On Sunday, May 1, Saint Joseph's College will hold its annual academic awards ceremony to honor and recognize students for their scholastic achievements. The ceremony will be held in the Shen Auditorium of the Rev. Charles Banet, C.P.P.S. Core Education Center at 12:30 p.m. and end with a reception in the Core Foyer.

In addition to the presentation of academic and departmental awards, a number of clubs and organizations will be recognized, including Model United Nations and Mock Trial.

Dr. Ilicia Sprey, Chair of both the Faculty Assembly and Academic Awards Ceremony Organizing Committee, is proud to have nearly 100 students on the agenda this year. “This is a time when faculty members get to show our students just how proud we are of their hard work,” she said. “We’re thrilled to have the chance to recognize and celebrate their accomplishments with their families and friends.”

For more information about the ceremony, contact Sprey at 6387 or e-mail her at [ilicias@saintjoe.edu](mailto:ilicias@saintjoe.edu).

## Bugajski Named SJC's Senior of the Year

By Becky Scherer, *Publications and Media Relations Intern*

On April 15, during the President's Senior Dinner for the graduating class of 2005, Brian Bugajski was honored as Senior of the Year. He was awarded with a personal plaque, and his name was added to the perpetual Senior of the Year plaque listing located in the Halleck Student Center.

“I am honored to be presented with this prestigious award,” Bugajski said. “It’s very humbling to have been selected as the Senior of the Year by my peers and the highly regarded members of the Alumni Association.”

The son of Christine and Michael Bugajski and an alumnus of Hanover Central High School in Cedar Lake, Indiana, Bugajski is majoring in history while completing a communication and theatre arts minor at SJC. He is a recipient of the SJC Scholarship, which pays a portion of tuition costs for four years, senior class president, president of the Phi Alpha Theta national historical honor society, and historian for the Columbian Players, as well as the author of a biweekly column in “The Observer,” in which he writes about the College's buildings, traditions and surrounding grounds. He is also a four-year member in the College's concert choir, past president of SJC's chapter of Habitat For Humanity, and a veteran driver in the College's annual Little 500 go-kart race, all while remaining heavily involved in the campus ministry program.

As a history major, Bugajski has used his strong historical background to his benefit through his work as a student assistant to SJC's History Department. In the summer of 2004, he interned at Buckley Homestead County Park in Lowell, Indiana, where he interviewed World War II veterans and transcribed his notes for use as historical records on hand at the Lake County Parks Office. With real-world historical experience under his belt, Bugajski plans to attend graduate school at Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana, to study historical preservation. He hopes to someday own a historical building restoration firm.

Selection for the Senior of the Year candidates began in January, when members of the senior class voted for three candidates. Nominees were required to have a cumulative grade point average of 3.25 (minimum) on a 4.0 scale and completed and passed at least 105 college credit hours.

After the top five vote recipients were named, a selection committee consisting of members of the SJC Alumni Association Board of Directors interviewed each candidate and decided on the winner.



Bugajski poses with his family and Dr. Ernest Mills after being presented with the award. Photo courtesy of Breain Ma'Ayteh



# Teresa's Box of Indie Goodies

Teresa Moreno



Weezer poses for an album cover. The band is releasing a new album this summer. (Photo courtesy of Amazon.com)

## Summer Albums on the Way

The semester is finally drawing to a close, and summer is fast approaching! Some of us may plan on taking a vacation, while others may intend to work or take summer classes.

Regardless of what plans students make for this summer, everyone should have an awesome soundtrack to go along with the season. Luckily, a number of great artists have chosen the summer of 2005 to release their new albums. I have comprised a short list of what I deem to be the "must haves" of this summer.

The first band I'd like to bring attention to is Garbage. Known for such songs as "The Stupid Girl," the band has taken on a wide array of different sounds over the years. On April 12th, the band released its fourth album, *Bleed Like Me*. This album is more rock orientated and harkens back to their original sound. Lead singer Shirley Manson and crew are back in the game after illnesses and a brief breakup.

On April 19th, the Flaming Lips will give their listeners a little snack to tide them over until the official release of their new album. Wayne Coyne and his band have taken part in a compilation album called *Late Night Tales*. In this compilation, the Flaming Lips cover the White Stripes' "Seven Nation Army" in the Flaming Lips' distinctive style. The Flaming Lips plan on releasing their latest effort, *At War With the Mystics*, later in the summer. An official date has yet to be set.

Weezer will be issuing its fifth album, *Make Believe*, on May 10th. This album has been long-awaited by many Weezer fans and will hopefully satisfy them. Weezer's first single, "Beverly Hills" was released March 29th and seems to be getting mixed reactions from fans. Let's keep our fingers crossed and hope that Weezer will produce another great gem like *Pinkerton*.

Along with Weezer, Spoon will be releasing *Gimme Fiction* on May 10th. Spoon gained publicity when their album, *Kill the Moonlight*, was exploited on

*The O.C.*, a popular program on FOX. *Kill the Moonlight* has been described as one of the band's best albums to date. Weezer's guitar work has drawn connections to such bands as the Pixies. It will be interesting to see if *Gimme Fiction* can outdo the already highly acclaimed *Kill the Moonlight*.

Stephen Malkmus, who was once the lead singer for Pavement, will be releasing another solo effort with help from the Jicks on the May 24th. Malkmus' music is both fun and nonsensical. With titles like "Murder at the Yoga Olympics" and "Freeze the Saints," one can be assured that Malkmus is still up to his random lyric style.

The highly anticipated *Get Behind Me Satan* will be released on June 6th by the White Stripes. The first single, "Blue Orchid," will be released May 30th. On this album, Meg and Jack White are said to have explored different realms of the musical world without leaving behind their rock-based sound. Since the release of the critically-acclaimed *Elephant*, fans and critics have been left wanting more. From the hype that surrounds this album, it sounds as if fans will be satisfied.

Smashing Pumpkins fans are also about to be appeased. Billy Corgan will be releasing his first solo work on June 21st. Entitled *Face the Truth*, Corgan's work will feature twelve new songs. In addition, there is a possibility Corgan will make a video project that conjoins with his debut album.

The above is just a small portion of artists releasing music this summer. Other artists include the following: Screaming Trees, Nine Inch Nails, Dave Matthews Band, Sloan, System of a Down, Audioslave, Sleater-Kinney, Wallflowers, Oasis, Black Eyed Peas, Coldplay, Santana, Foo Fighters, Liz Phair, 311, Jason Mraz, Franz Ferdinand, Lauryn Hill, Outkast, Pixies, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Sigur Ros, and so many more! Check them out and enjoy your summer!

# Critic Turns *Sideways* Upside-down

By Katherine Stembel, Staff Writer

I could have used a big bottle of Pinot Noire with the movie *Sideways*. I felt like I needed to be over the age of twenty-one just to watch.

You can learn everything you ever wanted to know about wine, wine tasting, wine sniffing, as well as strange California towns. All I can say is that this overrated movie drags on for twenty-five long, drunken minutes before two supporting and very important characters are introduced and the plot actually gains some sort of momentum.

Paul Giamatti stars as Miles Raymond, a divorced, Zanex popping, wine connoisseur with an overdeveloped palette.

Playing Jack, Miles' longtime friend, freshman year roommate from San Diego State University, and washed-up actor, is Thomas Haden Church, the villain from *George of the Jungle*. If you understand that reference, I am embarrassed for you. If you don't understand it, then I am embarrassed for me.

But I digress. The two are complete opposites and I am hard pressed to understand how they became and stayed friends for so many years. Miles appears completely awkward and uneasy in his own skin and Jack is just a party animal looking for a good time wherever he can get it. And I do mean *wherever*.

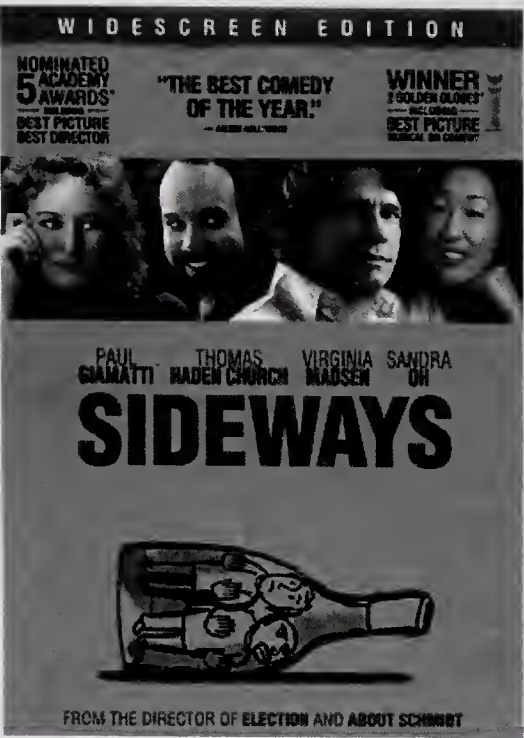


Photo courtest of <http://movies.yahoo.com/shop?tid=1808585439&d=hv&cf=info>

Jack is tying the knot in just a week's time, so he and Miles embark on a road trip across California while journeying through twin midlife crises. While Miles imagines a relaxing week of wine and golf, Jack decides to flex his womanizing, bachelor arm one last time.

Hilarity ensues. Sort of. The director of *Sideways*, Alexander Payne is also known for the film *About Schmidt*. I hated that movie. Don't ask me why I thought *Sideways* had potential.

Payne is not afraid to go anywhere. When I bought this movie, I was actually carded to make sure I was over seventeen. This completely mystified me

until I actually watched *Sideways*. There are prolific expletives and female nudity, as well as both frontal and rear male nudity. And ladies, those men are no Calvin Klein models baring it all. I am pretty sure the sight made my eyes bleed a little.

However, the movie is not so awful that I wanted to walk in front of traffic. There are a few humorous moments, but I could probably count them on the hand of a high school shop teacher.

*Sideways* earned an average grade of "A" from review critics. Under the heading of Comedy and Drama, the rated R film won two Golden Globe Awards for Best Picture and Best

Screenplay, and was nominated for five Academy Awards, winning one for Best Adapted Screenplay. I believed their critical acclaim and could not wait to regale you, reader, with the magnificent plot twists and stunning character development.

I was wrong. I sincerely apologize.

So if you're a pretentious, highbrow alcoholic, who loves dry, dirty, and inane humor, then *Sideways* is your bottle of Merlot. However, since the average reader of this article is probably a twenty-year-old college student, don't even bother renting this movie. You'll only lose 127 precious minutes of your life.

# The Boyfriend Needs to Break it Off

By Danny Waclaw, Staff Writer

Given a free spot in my schedule, I really enjoy heading out to the theatre for a bit of anything, really—suspense, comedy, tragedy, or even farce. On Thursday, April 7, I may have gotten a little less than I bargained for.

This is not to say that the Columbian Players did not try, though. Their latest show, the musical *The Boyfriend*, is set up to be a spoof of 1920s English drama—whatever that is. A huge problem with the performance was the assumption that the audience had even heard of 1920s English drama. (An even bigger problem was the cast's assumption that the play was funny and farcical without enthusiasm or excitement.) Perhaps the audience was to discern the stereotype through the thrilling plot of *The Boyfriend*: girl has no boyfriend, girl says she has boyfriend, girl gets boyfriend.

To be fair, though, there is a little more to this tableau-peppered story. The girl, one Polly Brown (played by Amanda Gibson), goes to Madame Dubonnet's (played by Erin Diener) finishing school in Nice, France, with many other simple-

minded girls of her age, all scheming to find husbands—or at least boyfriends. Polly has been making up a boyfriend so that she will fit in with her friends, but then she finds a boyfriend—played by Adam Ways. Normally, Polly would be reticent to jump right in (because of all her daddy's money), but she pretends to be just as poor as her boyfriend. Chaos ensues, followed by the discovery that Ways' character is actually wealthy. All is well with the world.

But not all was well with the show. The really obvious problem was the choreography. By and large, it was quite apparent that the choreography was lacking—very little precision and a lack of variety. At first, I assumed that this was part of the farce; I mean, it would be pretty funny if the choreography was meant to be so cheap and random—a *spoof* of 1920s dance. Unfortunately, the lack of enthusiasm and energy was a little less-than-exciting for us poor theatre-goers. And, of course, it is impossible to forget the painful ballet scene in which poor Polly tries to dance ballet in her poof-buttoned one-piece

costume while Madame Dubonnet sings a rather nice, albeit operatic version of a song from her childhood. (Honestly, this scene could have been avoided.)

Perhaps that is enough negativity for one review. There really was some hilarious acting in the show; unfortunately, those characters had relatively small parts. Hortense, the finishing school maid (played by Jean Monfort), was surprisingly hilarious, despite having a rather small role. She spoke up, and the audience could actually understand her song, "Nicer in Nice." Throughout the entire show, Hortense stood out as a character not to be forgotten, even if the show proves to be unmemorable. The other really great actor was Ricky Ayala, whose portrayal of a lecherous British lord had people almost rolling in the aisles. Though minor characters, they seemed to be the only ones who really had a true sense of the spoof that the play was apparently meant to be. If only the rest of the play carried that amount of enthusiasm or character, perhaps then it would have been a more enjoyable experience.



End-of-the-Year Predictions by an Irresponsible Journalist

By Joe Larson, Features Editor

With only two weeks remaining in the semester, it is time for someone to make wild and unfounded predictions as to how the school year will end. Fortunately, one irresponsible journalist has answered the call. These speculations should not be interpreted as threats against any particular groups or individuals, but rather as general threats against the wellbeing of humanity as a whole. Speculating about the future is not an easy task. It requires attention to current trends, thoughtful analysis of developing technologies, and a bit of intuition about the direction of society. None of these methods had anything to do with this article. Instead, these poorly construed predictions should be taken for what they are: absolute truths that will definitely come to pass, no matter what anyone tries to do about them.

Some trends are clear enough: a general malaise has settled on campus. The approach of summer has made students unwilling to do anything more strenuous than breathe, although some students refuse to do even that much. It is only a matter of time until the rest of the student body follows suit. Eventually, everyone will burn out. Originality and resourcefulness will give way to frustration and unpleasant body odors. The connection between creative slumps and pedestrian traffic deaths is undeniable. Students

run out of ideas and then run over people, the primary cause of high insurance rates this time of year.

Only the rich will have cars anyway. As gas prices continue to climb, most student-owned vehicles will be sold for scrap. The only economical cars will be powered by coal, or possibly mules. Hydrogen fuel cells are still years away, and gasoline-electric hybrids are fruity at best. What humanity really needs is a coal-mule hybrid, a vehicle that has a smokestack and a rectum. That car will smoke and poop its way to immortality.

Since most students will have no means to leave campus, they will be unable to flee vindictive professors caught up in a last-minute desire to teach something of value. As student motivation plummets, the average student workload will skyrocket. Thanks to effective planning, everything from the semester will be due on the same day, causing the quality of some work to be tenuous at best. Complete sentences will become rarer, standardized spelling will become optional, and entire pages will be plagiarized from coupon books and road signs. An acceptable thesis statement will be "I-65, slow children at play, fifty cents off brownies." Everyone will buy brownies.



When the class of 2005 graduates, it will look like a train ran into a nuclear powerplant surrounded by orphans and puppies. (Photo courtesy of <http://serendipity.nofadz.com/more/f4a.jpg>)

When faced with these declining standards, professors will be powerless. Soon, academic integrity will be replaced by vigilante justice. Only angry mobs will enforce MLA citation. Comma splices will be punishable by stoning. Good times will be had by all.

Nature will also sense the approach of summer and slow down. Maggots have already decreased their activity, refusing to eat the dead cat in front of a local unnamed pizza-serving establishment. If it lasts another two weeks, the cat will become a historic landmark by the mandate

of the Rensselaer Preservation Society. The cat, which affectionate passersby have named "Snuggles," has proved its value to the community, attracting hungry customers to the area's fine dining facilities. The cat will undoubtedly outlast most students on campus today and maybe even the college itself.

Speaking of dead cats, the quality of cafeteria food will continue to decline. Portion sizes will decrease to the point where students will actually owe food to the cafeteria. The worst changes will come in the form of comment cards. The fundamental question of "How can we help you?" will be replaced by "Where should we hide the bodies?"

Before anyone jumps to any ridiculous conclusions, I am not implying that the cafeteria staff would let students die of food poisoning and then bury their bodies under the IM field. That's absurd. Everyone knows they'll hide the bodies in some unnecessary building project involving concrete, like a pointless sidewalk next to Seifert.

Of course, not everyone will fall victim to food poisoning. A few people on campus will graduate. Saying goodbye to this year's seniors is like watching a train shortly before it derails and slams into a nuclear power plant

surrounded by orphans and puppies. The resulting explosion will almost certainly be visible from space. In other words, those attending the graduation ceremony should wear sunglasses. But seriously, I wish the class of 2005 the best of luck at outrunning the radiation.

With the constant threat of nuclear winter, politeness on campus will be strained to the breaking point. Conversations between students will be slimmed down to avoid unwanted human contact. Simple hand signals will suffice for the most rudimentary messages, such as "I need food" and "please do not light my face on fire." To further discourage frivolous banter, the word "hello" will be replaced by a punch to the groin. This ensures that only the most essential conversations will even begin.

The amazing thing about these predictions is that every one of the will somehow occur within the next two weeks. Even though circumstances are going to take a turn for the worse over the next fourteen days, this information is too farsighted to be worthwhile to the average college student. In response to this very accurate criticism, here is a more relevant prediction: Today, a communist will kick you in the shin. Dress accordingly.

Stuff



by Brian Bugajski

Recently in a Student Senate meeting, a laundry list of complaints and suggestions were submitted to the administration. Though there was a fair share of valid grievances, there was also a general attitude of responsibility among the governing body. Many students stated, "This is a good school, but we have to make some changes." I agree that change is needed but this is not an opinion column. Instead, I would like to focus on the first half of that statement, "This is a good school..." I whole-heartedly agree, but how did we become a good school? Who had the crazy idea of starting a college in small-town Rensselaer? How have we survived the last 114 years amongst the various depressions and wars? Not surprisingly, the answer to all three questions is a simple but dignified acronym: C.P.P.S.

C.P.P.S. stands for the shortened form of the title of the

order translated from Latin, the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood. The official title of the order is *Congregatio Missionarium Pretiosissimi Sanguinis Domini Nostri Jesus Christi*. The order was founded by Saint Gaspar de Bufalo in 1815 and brought to America in 1843 by a small group of missionaries. The Missionaries of the Precious Blood founded and continue to be a sponsor of our institution today.

Father Dominic Gerlach, C.P.P.S., writes that, "Immediate credit for the establishment of Saint Joseph's College undoubtedly goes to the man after whom the College was named, Bishop Joseph Dwenger." In 1872, Bishop Dwenger became the second bishop of Ft. Wayne and the road to the establishment of SJC began. Gerlach goes on to state, "He was also eager to establish a college that would provide proper undergraduate training for future priests. He had twice arranged with Benedictines to build such a college, once at Fowler, Indiana, and later at Crown Point. In both instances, the schools failed to materialize. Then in 1887, he approached the Society of the Precious Blood."

Consequently, Bishop Dwenger was a member of the C.P.P.S., and the order's first American-born



Official symbol of the C.P.P.S.

priest. The Bishop's offer was quite simple: "I will give you 300 acres of land at Rensselaer if you will build a college there."

Bishop Dwenger was not alone in his quest for a college, though. Father Henry Drees, the society's provincial superior, was also concerned with higher education. Fr. Drees worked as a blacksmith until the age of twenty-nine before he attended the seminary and was ordained. So, naturally, Fr. Gerlach writes, "Father Drees accepted his friend

Bishop Dwenger's offer with enthusiasm, for it would be an opportunity to unite the resources of the diocese of Fort Wayne to provide a solid, liberal arts training for future priests."

It was agreed that the college should be created, and the cornerstone to the original college building, which would later be expanded into the Administration Building, was laid on July 6, 1890. Construction of the first building was completed by the Medland Brothers, contractors based out of Logansport, in the fall of 1891. It was finished just in time for the first students to arrive on campus. The first students were all seminarians and

subject to the rule of Father Augustine Seifert, C.P.P.S., the college's first president. Father Gerlach writes, "Father Seifert became familiarly known as 'Daddy' Seifert. However, one dare not misconstrue the term. He was in no way a gentle or indulgent Father. He ruled with an iron fist, and at least on one occasion served as the College's own lawyer in a local lawsuit over a drainage project."

The faculty and staff, for most of the history of the College,

were composed of Precious Blood priests, brothers, and, at times, sisters. However, the only year the College was completely staffed by the C.P.P.S. was the first year of its existence, 1891. The first faculty consisted of nine such men under the leadership of Father Seifert. The first lay professor was hired in 1892 to teach music; his name was Carl Hemmersbach. The C.P.P.S. ran every aspect of campus, from mail delivery to food preparation and gardening to teaching with some help from the Sisters of the Precious Blood and the laity.

My sources indicate that the peak of C.P.P.S. involvement on campus was in the mid-1960s with an estimated 60 priests and brothers involved on campus in some way. Clearly that number has dwindled. There are currently only 12 members of the society on campus today. However, we are not at a disadvantage, for those remaining 12 have the same vigor, mission, and spirit that drove Bishop Dwenger to establish this place.

So the next time you come across any members of the C.P.P.S. on campus, make sure to thank them. They and those before them have sacrificed so much for the benefit of thousands of students like us. It is because of the men of the C.P.P.S. that this College was established. It was because of these men that the College has lasted for 114 years, and it is because of these men that the College will survive another 114 years.

Stay classy SJC...



## I Am Charlotte Simmons: Insight Into the College Soul?

By Jenna Mullins, Staff Writer

Ah, the college life. Out-of-control parties, stereotypical “dumb jocks,” and students bustling to and fro from class to class are some of the things that we all picture when we think of the word “college.” But we know that there is more to our lifestyles than that. I mean, we also nap. Plus, we find time to make good friends and get our degrees. With the new novel from acclaimed author Tom Wolfe, the classic life on a college campus unfolds from the mind of a seventy-four-year-old man. What does a man who is pushing the North American life expectancy know about how life is at college in this day and age? According to his book *I am Charlotte Simmons*, the old geezer may know what he’s talking about. Or so it would appear. Wolfe gets in all the information about the raging parties, but seemingly little is said about our overall lifestyle of balancing school work and social gatherings. We’re being portrayed as nothing but boozers and floozies. Frankly, he’s ruining the reputation of college students around the country.

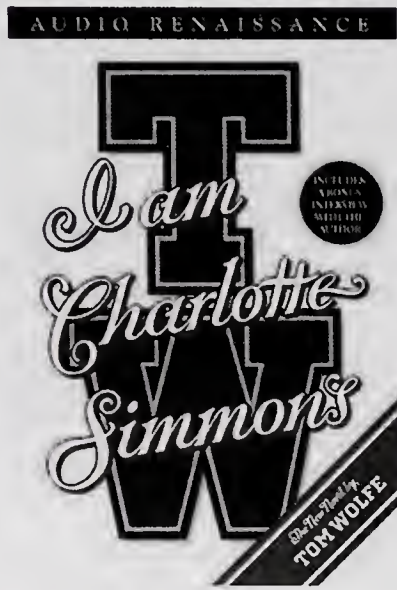
Meet Charlotte Simmons. She is a pretty and extremely naïve freshman from the sticks of North Dakota who arrives at DuPont University on full academic scholarship. The storyline revolves mostly around her adjustment to the college lifestyle. Unfortunately, no one prepared her for the

events that seem to go hand-in-hand with college. The wild parties, the unpredictable people, and the frustratingly endless amount of drama are but a sliver of the things Charlotte encounters during her freshman year.

As the story continues, I found myself immersed in not one but many tales. There’s the badass jock Jo-Jo whose life is changed by a measly freshman girl, and he must decide if he wants to keep up his new “school-smart” image or if he should continue in his old lifestyle of chicks, booze, and basketball. Not necessarily in that order. There are also the two fraternity brothers, Hoyt and Vance, caught up in a huge sex scandal concerning the governor. And then there’s Adam, the mousy reporter for the campus newspaper, whose continuing attempts to woo Charlotte can only be described as pathetic. The situations slowly spin out of control, with poor Charlotte somehow in the middle of every single one.

So, how does this book, which is the most recent “handbook” on college life, compare to good old Saint Joseph’s College? Within the first couple sentences of Charlotte, I couldn’t believe how dead-on his descriptions were. The very first scene in the book takes place in the men’s bathroom, where two college guys drunk on youth and possibly beer were “finding

it amusing to move their hands back and forth in front of the electric eyes to make the urinals keep flushing.” Oh, the simple fun a few beers can bring. I



Tom Wolfe's new release is making waves with the college crowd. Image from amazon.com. For ordering information, visit <http://www.amazon.com/>

know these guys. I hang out with these guys. I laughed a lot during these first couple chapters, and kept interrupting my friend’s daily activities by reading excerpts from the pages aloud to them. We’d laugh, point at each other knowingly, and regale in the memories of past drunken nights where perhaps we were amused at the automatic paper towel dispensers in the Halleck Center bathrooms. Come on, we’ve all wasted a good five minutes

before on those bad boys, sober or not.

As the book wore on, however, I went from laughing at these passages to just simply cringing at them. I hate to break it to you Pumas out there, but if this book is truly a representation of the life on college campuses around the country, then we, my friends, are saints compared to these people. I think many of the situations Wolfe spins for his readers are a little extreme. Sure, with universities like Duke, IU, and Purdue being as big and populated as they are, the party life might be on a grander and crazier scale. With fraternities and sororities, countless bars on the strips, and the overnight formals, more is expected in the wild, drunken department. But sometimes the scenarios

were just downright ridiculous. A party at a frat house soon turned into an all-out orgy, which then turns into men literally carrying girls over their shoulders to their rooms. No, these guys weren’t being chivalrous; they had to carry them because they had drugged their drinks. I guess some guys like their girls unconscious. Charming. But not as charming as the girl who passes out on a guys lap and then soils herself. If that is indeed a typical Friday night at major universities around America, please tell me where to find them. I’m sure the girls at SJC and I are dying to drink ourselves into a pool of our own fecal matter. Is that the image college students have obtained? Give me a break.

I’m a simple girl. And when first diving into this book, I didn’t expect it to be an easy read, but I anticipated an enjoyable piece of literature that I could relate to. Which it is, for the most part. The party-life scenes definitely hit their fair share of nerves with me, and the drama between roommates and friends contained in the pages is something I can unfortunately reminisce about. But when Wolfe started veering away from Charlotte’s story, I lost interest. After all, she is the one experiencing all this for the first time, and I wanted to be right

there with her. The sex scandal, appealing at first, simply turns into a repetitive fiasco which really doesn’t lead to anything. Adam’s quest to become a serious journalist along with his undying resolution to get Charlotte to love him loses steam within the last three hundred pages. I literally had to force myself not to flip ahead to find out what Charlotte is up to. There was just too much going on and not enough excitement to keep me tuned in.

But the only reason I was enjoying Charlotte’s story so much was because it is so absurd. Her naïve nature and good-girl attitude is almost laughable at times. Come on, Charlotte, growing up in the country, you didn’t catch a single episode of *Sex and the City*? Or even *Saved by the Bell*? She goes on and on about the revealing clothes they wear and the (GASP!) alcohol they consume. Her horrific encounters are all described in her southern twang, making her seem more of a Forest Gump than a well-educated college student. For example, her roommate has “say-yex,” not sex. And the frat boys are getting “der-unk,” not drunk. Basically, Charlotte would probably find a *Full House* episode extremely racy and horribly inappropriate. If this girl is wandering around a campus somewhere, please bring her to me. I would love to study her.

I have to hand it to Tom Wolfe: he cranked out quite an entertaining tale. But that’s all it is. A tale. Although it is accurate at certain times, his novel is a little over the top as an overall description of college life. But, maybe I’m just like Charlotte. Having never really experienced the full-out craziness that occurs at bigger universities around America, I guess I am just a naïve girl who goes to college out in the country. Poor, uninformed Jenna. Pat me on the head and send me on my way. But if this book is indeed a dead-on portrayal of the “goings-on” around the country, then excuse my contentment with my social setting here at SJC. But fecal matter and group orgies are just not my cup of tea.

## Pumas Gear Up for 43rd Annual Little 500 Go-Kart Race

By Becky Scherer, Publications and Media Relations Intern

Along with the warm weather and approaching spring season comes the anticipation of one of SJC’s most popular traditions: the Little 500 go-kart race. In its forty-third year, Little 500 solicits alumni and student drivers to race their way through the south end of campus and part of the College’s residential green. This year, the festivities take place on Saturday, April 23, with the alumni race beginning at 10:45 a.m., opening ceremony activities starting at 12:30 p.m., and students taking their turn behind the wheel at 1 p.m. Members of the Jasper County area are encouraged to attend.

“This year’s race is going to be better than ever. We have more drivers, more novelty acts and more booths,” said senior math major Jen Willig, head coordinator of Little 500. “All we need is beautiful weather and the day will be perfect.”

Seven SJC graduates will participate in the alumni race and thirteen drivers will compete in the student race. In addition to the race, a variety of booths sponsored by campus clubs and organizations will be set up on

the College’s intramural sports field, featuring activities such as a dunk tank and children’s games. There will also be various food, beverage, and merchandise.

Since its humble beginnings in 1963, Little 500 has grown tremendously, both technologically and in popularity. Originally over eight hours long, the race employed karts powered by student runners, who pushed a kart for the entire race. Each residence hall sponsored a racer and his team of “pushers”; in 1963, the men of Merlini Hall

won after pushing their kart for 39 miles with an average speed of 11 miles per hour. By 1965, the popularity of the race had grown and the events had expanded into a weekend festival, while the race itself was shortened to a four-hour time period. The following year featured female commuter student racers for the first time; in 1971, the karts became motorized, thus revolutionizing Little 500 weekend.

For more information about the race, contact Willig at 8681.



“The Jokers,” from Merlini Hall, won the student race in 2004. Photo courtesy of Fr. Tim McFarland.

### SPECIAL FINALS PREPARATION

### LIBRARY HOURS

April 27 (W), 28 (Th)	6:00 a.m. - midnight
April 29 (F)	6:00 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.
April 30 (Sa)	9:00 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.
May 1 (Su)	9:00 a.m. - midnight
May 2 (M), 3 (T), 4 (W)	6:00 a.m. - midnight



# SJC in the News: The Chicago Bears Training Camp

By Michael W Campbell of Campbell Printing Company, Guest Writer

One is not hard pressed to find evidence of the boredom instilled in many by the quiet town of Rensselaer; echoes of "Nothing ever happens in this town" ring through the streets. It was not always so, however, as the Chicago Bears football team trained at Saint Joseph's College for a succession of thirty-one summers, from 1944 to 1974.

The idea for this arrangement originated with a Rensselaer native, Pat Sage, an employee at the Halas Sporting Goods Store in Chicago. She suggested it to the College's then Athletic Director, Father Edward Roof, C.P.P.S., when the latter visited the store to purchase athletic equipment. He, in turn, discussed it with Walter Halas, Vice President of the Bears organization, and a contract was signed with the Bears management to begin using the campus as its spring training grounds.

On August 9, 1944, the first contingent of forty-nine players and coaches arrived on campus. They were housed in Drexel Hall and used the College football field east of the Fieldhouse for practice. After one summer in Drexel, the team was quartered in Merlini Hall.

One of the main reasons for the Bears opting to set up camp at SJC was the ample supply of food provided by the College farms during World War II when many food items were rationed.

In the early years, the players associated closely with the College population, praising the meals prepared by the Precious Blood Sisters, patronizing the "J" Café, the College barber shop, and many attending Mass in the College Chapel on Sundays. The bowling alley just north of the campus was also a popular hang-out for the players throughout the 1960s and early 1970s.

In 1958, the Bears moved to the newly erected Halas Hall, which Bears owner and head coach George Halas equipped with air-conditioning. Because of this and many other favors to the College, the hall was named in his honor. On September 7, 1958, at the dedication of the new residence hall, Mr. Halas was honored at a banquet and given an honorary degree. He expressed with great emotion

his gratitude for the College's hospitality.

By 1968, the team had moved into the newly erected Justin Hall, named after its benefactor, 1919 alumnus Justin Oppenheim.

It is interesting to note that Justin's father Joseph made a significant contribution to education in a somewhat unusual way. He had been a rural school teacher in Mercer County, Ohio, where he was distressed to find so many pupils absent from school every spring. This was the best time for farmers to clean the manure out of the stables and spread it on the fields. The latter task was time consuming and best done by many little hands wielding manure forks, the owners of those little hands not at all that unhappy to miss school.

To solve this absenteeism problem, Joseph Oppenheim devised what is now called a "manure spreader," which spreads the manure out on the fields by a chain driven set of blades at the back of a wagon, doing precisely what the school children had to



Joseph Oppenheim's manure spreader invention

stay home to do. In 1899, Joseph left his teaching profession and proceeded to build and market these new machines. He developed this home craft into a factory called the "Spreader Works," but later renamed it the "New Idea Company," which eventually manufactured a full line of farm equipment.

The memory of the Chicago Bears at the College is perpetuated in the movie *Brian's Song*. The 1971 film celebrated the strong friendship bond between Bear teammates Gale Sayers and Brian Piccolo in the latter's losing bout with lung cancer. Part of the movie was filmed on location at the

College. It was one of the most widely watched made-for-television films, with nearly half of all households tuned in at its first broadcast.

The film begins in 1965, when two rookie running backs arrive for training camp at Saint Joseph's College. The two main characters are Brian Piccolo (James Caan) and Gale Sayers (Billy Dee Williams). Sayers, of course, went on to become one of the best outside running backs in football history. Piccolo, on the other hand, was neither as fast nor as naturally gifted as Sayers, but had tremendous drive and determination. The two made headlines in 1965 as the first African-American and white roommates on a professional football team. They also became great friends, which made things more difficult considering the fact that they were rivals for the same starting position on the team.

The supporting cast in the movie features many Chicago Bears players portraying themselves, including one of

behind a wife, three children, and many friends. He was laid to rest three days later at Saint Mary's Cemetery in Chicago after a requiem Mass at Christ the Ring Roman Catholic Church.

"There's no question that Brian Piccolo's story was amplified by the movie. And now generations later, you don't know how many guys who ordinarily would loathe to admit that they shed a tear, will tell you at the drop of a hat, 'I still cry every time I

see *Brian's Song*,'" said ESPN Sports Announcer Bob Costas.

After thirty-one consecutive seasons, the close of the 1974 summer training camp was to be the last for the Chicago Bears at Saint Joseph's College. Many friendships and memories were made through the four decades the Bears spent here in Jasper County, and the memory of their visits will live on forever.



Actors James Caan and Billy Dee Williams who portray Piccolo and Sayers respectively, meet at the entrance of Saint Joseph's College. All photos courtesy of Campbell.



Brian Piccolo, 10/31/43 -- 6/16/70, Wake Forest University 1961-1964, Chicago Bears 1965-1969



Madame Sandra's Horoscopes

Aries (March 21-April 19)

Even though you have a lot on your to-do list right now, your best bet may be to put the list aside for now and try to have some fun. Go out, be spontaneous, and see what you've been missing. Nothing you could do today can't be done tomorrow.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)

You usually aren't one to enjoy being in the spotlight, but the attention you're receiving right now is so positive that you can't get enough of it! Enjoy it while it lasts, and don't feel bad about stealing the limelight.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)

You've been tired of your usual routine lately, and you're not sure how to get out of your rut. Try doing something very uncharacteristic of you, like staying in, renting movies, and eating junk food. You'll be surprised how fun a night in can be.

Cancer (June 22-July 22)

Be careful with your money right now, as you are apt to splurge on things for which you have no use. Your judgment is slightly off, so you may not be able to accurately assess what it is that you really need. Stay home and keep your credit cards in your wallet.

Leo (July 23-August 22)

Be careful not to get too caught up in your emotions right now. What seems appropriate to you in a situation right now may be offensive to someone else, so until you are able to anticipate others' reactions, keep your mouth shut.

Virgo (August 23-September 22)

If you've been feeling restless lately, it's not too late to get out and release some of your pent-up energy. You've been spending far too much time to yourself lately, so you need to get out and be social. Do it now while there's still time left.

Libra (September 23-October 23)

Your friends seem to be less fun than normal lately, and you feel like they've been seriously cramping your style. Even though you may feel bad about it, you will feel much better if you get out on your own and find some new people with whom to mingle.

Scorpio (October 24-November 21)

Luck is on your side right now, so you may be more comfortable taking a risk that you've been afraid to take before. You will find great success in anything you take on right now, so figure out what needs to happen and get to it.

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)

You've become tired of your usual routine, and you can't go on any longer doing the same thing over and over. Now is the time for you to get out. You've made the decision to do so, so now do it. You just can't keep repeating past mistakes.

Capricorn (December 22-January 19)

It's okay to leave things up to fate once in a while. You usually plan out everything very carefully, but right now you will find the most success in the things you don't control. Step back and let things fall as they may—you won't be disappointed.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18)

Be prepared to meet someone new in the next few days who will undoubtedly have an important influence on your life. Be open to new people and new situations, because you don't want to pass up this great opportunity.

Pisces (February 19-March 20)

You have the innate ability to cheer up those around you without even trying. You may not realize it, but this personal characteristic is something that your friends value greatly and rely on, so be sure to never give up this trait.

SJC Poet's Corner

I wasn't looking for a lifetime with you

When I catch myself acting as a mother would, I throw the needle back into the haystack and change the tone in my voice: *I've been waiting a lifetime, looking to spend just a moment with you,* and I take pains to preserve the points upon which I've already prevailed. I've grown in the direction you've suggested and licked my own wounds clean after every cliff-hanging night spent on separate couches, miles apart, oceans between us, without so much as a light or beacon or buoy to call me home to you.

-Becky Scherer

The Bachelor

You are of a sorry race. We hide our pity like the sun on a cloudy day and smile at you, the clown at a child's party who is no longer a child and who never really liked clowns to begin with. Afraid of the empty bedroom and even emptier bed, you lay your head on the couch each night, TV on, lights shining, dishes dirty and stacked in the sink, your own art in the privacy of your lonely kitchen. Be proud of what you have, yes, but don't forget that which you do not.

-Becky Scherer

Dawn

Before the world has awoken, The sun rises from its sleep Underneath the line of the horizon. Slowly it emerges, glowing not As the orange ball of a setting sun But with the splendor of a noontime radiance. It burns with all its fervor, For it knows that in a few short moments It will slip under the covers Of a shelf of clouds that blankets the sky. It will not shine again today, But there is always tomorrow.

-Sandra Wood

WAFFLEHEAD: IT'S REALLY NOT A CULT



DEAR READERS,

LET ME APOLOGIZE FOR THE ABSENCE OF 'WAFFLEHEAD' IN THE LAST ISSUE OF THE OBSERVER. IN AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE SOME TIME I SAVED 'WAFFLEHEAD' IN A FORMAT THAT ENDED UP BEING INCOMPATIBLE WITH THE PRINTER FOR THE OBSERVER. I THANK BOTH BECKY SCHERER AND SANDRA WOOD FOR NOT CUTTING ME IN HALF FOR ALL THE TROUBLE I HAD PUT THE BOTH OF THEM THROUGH. I ALSO THANK THE BOTH OF THEM FOR GIVING ME THE CHANCE TO PUBLISH TWO 'WAFFLEHEAD'S' IN THIS ISSUE TO MAKE UP FOR THE ABSENCE OF 'WAFFLEHEAD' IN THE LAST ISSUE. ABOVE IS THE 'WAFFLEHEAD' THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN IN THE LAST OBSERVER, AND BELOW IS THE 'WAFFLEHEAD' FOR THIS ISSUE'S OBSERVER. THE BELOW 'WAFFLEHEAD' IS BOTH AN APOLOGY TO MY READERS AND AN EXPLANATION AS TO WHY 'WAFFLEHEAD' WAS ABSENT IN THE LAST OBSERVER.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE, AND HAVE A GREAT SUMMER.

SINCERELY,

JAMES M COCHRAN

WAFFLEHEAD: HELL'S OUTSIDE MY WINDOWS



BY JAMES M COCHRAN

A Special Thanks...

To everyone who has contributed to this page in the past two years and helped to bring it to the level of excellence which it has attained. Your contributions and help will never be forgotten.

Thanks again.

Sandra Wood  
Et Cetera Editor

Fun and Useless Trivia

Courtesy of <http://dogman0.tripod.com/useless.html>

A rat can last longer without water than a camel.

The dot over the letter 'i' is called a tittle.

A raisin dropped in a fresh glass of soda will bounce up and down continually from the bottom of the glass to the top.

A female ferret will die if it goes into heat and cannot find a mate.

Every person has a unique tongue print. (Say "aaah")

The 'spot' on 7UP comes from its inventor who had red eyes. He was an albino.

315 entries in Webster's 1996 Dictionary were misspelled.

On average, 12 newborns will be given to the wrong parents daily.

Daniel Boone detested coonskin caps.

Most lipstick contains fish scales. Yum.